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A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THE ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR OF THE C. M. S.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth."—*Isaiah* xii, 5.

O King of Glory, God of Grace!
Age after age is telling
Thy mercy to a fallen race,
The Lord with mankind dwelling.
Thou didst of old send forth Thy Word,
Pardon and Peace revealing;
From slumber waked, our fathers heard,
And sought the nations' healing.

They gave, for Thou hadst given all,
Their dearest earthly treasure,
Obedient to their Master's call,
In love's own royal measure.
And we, their children, bring our praise,
Their God and ours confessing,
Faithful and true through all the days,
Twice fifty years of blessing.

To every land the Word has gone,
"Christ comes, go forth to greet Him."
Where darkness dwelt the light has shone;
"Prepare, O Earth, to meet Him."
Break, Afric, break thine age-long chains,
Proud Islam's bondage spurning.
Sing, India, sing, o'er all thy plains
Sorrow to joy is turning.

Land of the Rising Sun, arise,
Thy better day is dawning.
From shore to shore the message flies,
That hails earth's brightest morning.
Kinsmen afar, responsive sing,
Pass on the Gospel story;
Sing, Comrade Band, "Make Jesus King,"
The Lord comes back in Glory.

H. E. F. in C. M. S. Intelligencer.

A ZENANA PRISONER.

By Cynthia E. Wilson, Gujranwala, India.

KALEE Dassee was born in Calcutta about the year 1855. Her parents were well-to-do Bengalees, and by birth and religion, Hindoos. Their daughter was named after the goddess Kalee, who is represented as very fond of blood, and wearing a necklace of skulls; her name means the "Handmaid of Kalee." Little is known of her early childhood; but no doubt, like most of India's baby girls, she was unwelcome at birth and was the more fondled by her mother and granted every wish because that all too soon she would be snatched away from her kind, loving care, and placed in the grasp of a cold calculating tyrannizing mother-in-law. She was early betrothed to a student, Shumma Churran, whose name means the "Feet of the gods.

Fortunately for Kalee, her mother had been visited by a lady missionary who taught her to read, and placed in her hands the English Shaster, the Bible. Appreciating this knowledge for herself, she began early to impart what she had learned to her daughter, perhaps not realizing that she was creating an unrest in her heart, and a distrust of the Hindoo religion, which must some day result in an acceptance of the Christian faith.

When she was 12 years of age her betrothed finished his education, and having passed his examinations successfully secured a position under government as deputy secretary of police in the Punjab, with rupees 100 per mensem as pay. He came to claim his bride, and after a great deal of preparation, a grand wedding and many days of feasting, she was carried off in a little palanquin amidst the sobs and wails of herself and female friends, to the house of her mother-in-law. Her father-in-law being dead the house was ruled by the eldest son. After the many heathen ceremonies were over he carried her by rail, some 1300 miles away, to the city of Gujranwala. There renting the upper story of an old brick building, on one of the principal market streets, he stowed her away as something too precious for other eyes to look upon. It was on Dec. 13th, 1879, that we discovered her, and on this wise.

As Miss Calhoun and I were passing through this street to our work, in our jinrikishas, a servant boy presented his mistress' compliments, and asked us to call. We followed him up a narrow dark stairway to dark rooms over a sweetmeat shop. Great was our surprise when met at the top stair by a beautiful little black-eyed woman, with pleasing manners, dressed in a *saree*, the peculiar dress of the Bengalee women. This little body received us cordially, in her unadorned, carpetless house, and seated us on two plain wooden dining chairs, but stood by in servant style herself, anxious to make her guests as comfortable as possible. After the usual salutations, we ventured to ask her if she could read. She brought out several books in three languages, Urdu, Punjabee and Bengalee, and said she could read in all three, but knew Bengalee the best. We asked her to read, and were delighted to find that all her books were of a decidedly Christian character. She seemed to understand well the history of Christ, and showed us one book in metre which she prized most—The history of the Creation, Fall and Redemption of Man. After chatting about a half hour we thought best not to weary her at our first visit and rose to go. She insisted on our remaining longer, and inquired

if we could do fancy work or knitting, and brought out some canvass slippers she had worked for her husband, and asked for new patterns, and also how to knit a comforter. We told her we knew nothing of fancy work, but would be glad to teach her knitting, if we could find time. Amid many protests we then bade her salaam, promising to return soon if possible, and she promising to have knitting needles and thread ready.

In the course of conversation we learned that she had been brought there shortly after her marriage, twelve years before, and had never been outside those walls since. Through her narrow latticed window she could with difficulty make out who we were; and had concluded we must be lady missionaries like the one who taught her mother; hence her great desire to meet us. We went away feeling much concerned for her, and the forty millions of her kind in India. And yet—with shame and sorrow I record it; and yet, although reminded every time I passed that street of our promise—it was over a year before I called again. Miss Calhoun and I were already overburdened with our eleven girls' schools, and the teaching of some of the mothers in their homes; and she had to leave in the spring of 1880 for a much needed rest; so that I felt crushed with the responsibility already weighing upon me. Yet, had I been wiser, I would have made time some how to have entered this opened door, and found myself refreshed from on high, by following His leading. Isa. 40:29,31.

When Miss McCullough was appointed to the zenana work in Gujranwala, with pleasure I took her on January 11, 1881, to call on Kalee Dasee, to ask her to become a pupil. She gave us a hearty welcome, accepted my reason for delay and promised to read daily in the New Testament with Miss McCullough, if she in turn would teach her knitting. After a conference on religion, and starting on some plain knitting, I bade her adieu, leaving her in Miss McCullough's care.

The 15th of March being a Hindoo holiday called Hohe, and the streets too noisy for school, Miss McCullough and I called on Kalee Dasee. We had a spirited conversation on Hinduism, contrasting it with Christianity, in which, at her request, I tried to show her the vast difference between Jesus and their god, Krishna, whom many Hindoos would have us believe were one and the same. She questioned stoutly the right of Christians to kill and eat animals. One day before the month had closed, as I came in from school, my colaborer met me with open arms, and face beaming with joy, saying, "The Baboo Shumma Charran" (Baboo corresponds with Mr.) and his wife have asked me to pray for them. She says her heart is so unclean she wants us to pray that God will cleanse it, and to pray in the church for her. The Baboo fearing I did not understand his wife, repeated it and showed himself heartily in sympathy with her. "She quite forgets her knitting, and does not bring it out any more, and listens attentively to the Word." I rejoiced with her, and promised to pray for them; and to go with her to see them as soon as I could, which I did on the last day of the month.

We found her less cheerful than usual I told her we had been praying for her, and of my joy on hearing she was desirous of our prayers. We had a long talk, during which we were convinced she was seriously desiring to become a Christian, but was beset with many difficulties. They were both well versed in the Bible, and professed to believe it, but were trying to persuade themselves

that a heart acceptance was sufficient, without an open confession, as many do in gospel lands. She said: "My husband tells me it will never do for me to go out from these zenana walls, and meet with other people as the Christians. You can believe in Christ in secret, and this will be sufficient." I replied: "Your husband fears men, and seeks their honor rather than God's honor," and quoted Matt. 10:32-33, which urges the duty of open confession. She said: "If I confess Christ in baptism, my friends, who are all unbelievers, will forsake me, and the thought of this keeps my heart heavy. My husband is kind and good and I lack for nothing temporal, but wealth and position have imprisoned me. I would willingly cast this all away and beg my bread from door to door, if I could only be free to do as my heart wishes. I have left off worshipping idols, and have ceased to believe in the many superstitions of the Hindoos. I am not afraid of dishonoring my husband by using his name, or of becoming a widow, if I do not keep a lot of fasts and perform many ceremonies." We said: "Do you think bathing in the Ganges can take away your sins?" She replied: "Oh, no! If Ganges water is so holy, why do not the fish which swim in it constantly become very holy? Washing away sin in water is like trying to wash white a piece of charcoal; you may wash it ever so often but it still remains black. Put it in the fire, and how quickly it changes. The fire is the Holy Spirit which can alone change the heart." After reading some selections of scripture to encourage her, and having prayer, we bade her an affectionate salaam.

On the 16th of April we again called as we returned from our Saturday's work. I was very tired, but having been requested to stop, I could not refuse. We found the Baboo in. He came and made a salaam, and, to our surprise, took a seat on the carpet at our feet, for his wife was seated on a high stool and we on high chairs. No *real Hindoo* would allow his wife to sit on a level with him, much less above him. We soon engaged in religious conversation. He showed great reverence for the Bible, and placed Christ superior to any other prophet. He said he has been studying the lives and teachings of all the prophets, and found much to admire in all of them, but acknowledged Christ to be the most holy, self-denying, and perfect of all. He could not decide to do homage to one only; he was trying to follow the good in all of them. He brought up numerous illustrations, for which Bengalees are noted, to explaim his position. In one he was like a poor day laborer getting but five rupees per month, and must salaam to those above him getting higher wages, lest they would cause him to lose his service, but, says he, "When I can command rupees one hundred myself, I can afford to cut loose from all these and act independently," meaning that he must keep the good will of all the prophets, until he is sure one alone is sufficient to save him.

Again, He said: "It is like trying to cross, and you find many boats that can carry you across." I replied: "You can not ride in all of them; you must make choice, and I would advise you to take the one without any leak in it. Jesus will having nothing to do with you unless you trust in Him alone for salvation." Many forcible gestures accompanied his illustrations, and he sometimes rose to his feet to give them action. He confessed that long ago he had taken off the sacred Brahminical thread, and ceased putting marks on his forehead, and the worship of images.

On May 24th, the Queen's birthday, being a holiday, Miss McCullough and

I again visited the Baboo's house. We found her alone, and in a very sad state of mind. She told us her husband had received an urgent letter from his mother in Calcutta, to return, as his elder brother had died, and he was next in authority to rule the household. The Baboo had already taken leave in his office, and was to go in a few days. But why is not the prospect of leaving her prison-walls, and going to the great city to be with her near relatives a matter of joy, as one would naturally suppose? She explained: "I have no taste any more for idol worship and idol ceremonies, and my mother-in-law and sisters-in-law will see that I am very different from them, and will taunt and persecute me, and if I tell them the reason they will call me *crazy*, because a *woman* shouldn't know anything. Why was I ever born? Oh, I wish God had never made *woman*! Why did he not make men only!" While it grieved us to see her so sad, we could not but rejoice that old tastes were changing, and God was renewing her heart, so that all was becoming new. We told her "God had a wise purpose in creating her and all women, and that it was sin that had made their lot so miserable. To this she assented, and added, "I enjoy seeing and talking with you, but with my friends I shall have no peace. Oh! it will be a *dreadful* place for me!" I reminded her that Jesus was always near, and she could cry to Him, and He would help her in every difficulty. Again, she said: "We women are shut up and cannot do anything contrary to the will of our husbands, but *unmarried girls* are free to go where they please, and can become Christians if they like. I replied: "No! they too, have their difficulties; their parents sometimes shut them up, and often threaten to cut their own throats before them, if they do not promise to recant." "Well," she said, "It is all to try our faith; it is to prove us whether we are true believers that these difficulties come." We then took up the New Testament in Urdu, and read to her the 18th chapter of Luke, by which she seemed much comforted; and then kneeling offered an earnest prayer for her, committing her and her husband to our Heavenly Father's care. After a few more words of counsel, we asked if we should "*milke jawe*" (embrace), to which she assented, and with tearful hearts we bade her farewell.

This was our last meeting, but we hope we may meet in heaven. The word upon which the Lord has caused us to hope you will find in Psalms 145:18,19; 146:7, and 79:11. "The Lord loveth the prisoners, the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down." She once said that it is a saying among Hindoo women that their state is *narak* (hell), but that of English women *bihisht* (heaven). "Who hath made us so to differ?" And do we not owe all we have to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? How then can we for a moment withhold it from our sisters in India? Poor Kalee Dasee is but one of thousands who are fretting as caged birds for that freedom which we with God's help are empowered to give them. They feel the galling chains of superstition, ignorance, and custom, and long to be set free. Many have been brave enough to come out and confess Christ, and endure persecution and death; others shrink in their timidity from such an ordeal, and patiently sigh and cry in secret hoping that deliverance may come.

May the Lord look down from heaven and hear the groaning of these prisoners, as He did those of the children of Israel, and "loose those that are appointed to death."

"Be generous to high and low."

OUR BEST FOR JESUS—STORY OF A HOME MISSIONARY BOX.

By Helena H. Thomas.

"TELL her to come right up here," said Mrs. Seymour, as the housemaid announced "only Mrs. Foster," which, by the way, meant no disrespect to the caller, but simply implied that she was a friend and neighbor, on intimate terms with her mistress.

"Why! Are you packing to move?" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, as she entered a well-filled store-room, in the center of which stood several trunks, partly filled; while all about the room were piles of pillows, blankets, and bedding of every description.

"No, I am unpacking," replied Mrs. Seymour, with a martyr-like air. "But what I am to do with all this bedding is more than I can decide; for I have already enough of my own for half a dozen families the size of mine. And now poor mother has gone, all this has fallen to me."

"Well, it seems a pity that you should be burdened with what people all over the land are suffering for the want of, this cold winter," said Mrs. Foster, with a sigh.

"Yes, but of course I could not give away heirlooms; and my own bedding is all so choice that I cannot part with a piece of it." Mrs. Seymour spoke as if the matter was settled, so far as she was concerned.

Mrs. Foster made no reply, for she well knew that no earthly power could convince her wealthy neighbor that it was "more blessed to give than to receive." But as she watched the unpacking of the bedding, to which there seemed no end, the greed that crept into her heart must have written itself in her face, for as Mrs. Seymour held aloft a quilt, saying, "Isn't that a beauty?" and as she held it up for inspection she looked questioningly at her neighbor, who answered in such an absent-minded way that she exclaimed.

"Why, Dorothy Foster! If some women looked as you do, I should think they coveted this bedding; but you never seem to covet anything. What makes you look queer?"

Mrs. Foster hesitated an instant, then answered laughingly:

"My tell-tale face always betrays me, even if I do bite my lips to keep back my thoughts, for to tell the truth, I never coveted anything as I do some of that bedding."

"Well, I can't blame you," said the possessor of it, with evident pride;" for it is a tempting lot; my mother was a master-hand at selecting and making nice bedding; yes, and keeping it, too."

Mrs. Foster, seeing the construction put upon her words, said, half-rebukingly, "Did you think for a moment I wanted them for myself? No, no; I like heirlooms when it comes to china, silver and furniture, but I draw the line at bedding."

"Well, you needn't blush so, even if you did want them for yourself," said Mrs. Seymour, "for you told me last spring you had barely enough bedding left for your own use. I don't know that I pity you any, when I think of the quantity you used to have, and how you've given it nearly all away."

The subject of giving was one on which, for the sake of peace, these women had long ago agreed to disagree, for while one gave little other found her greatest joy in sharing her best with those less fortunate than herself; for the sake of the One who gave himself for her. But seeing how Mrs. Seymour was determined to misunderstand

her, Mrs. Foster responded with some warmth and a tinge of color in her pale cheeks.

"But I did not mention the fact of scanty bedding last spring to excite pity, but rather the reverse, for the remark was made after listening to your complaints about having so much bedding to care for. To be sure, I can no longer make a fine display of bedding like some of my neighbors; still I would not have it otherwise, for I am happy in the thought that my unnecessary bedding and heirlooms, in that line, are no longer food for moths, but keeping some of Lord's 'little ones' warm."

"Well, we never can think alike on that subject," replied Mrs. Seymour with some show of annoyance; but being of a rather inquisitive nature, she continued: "If you don't want the bedding for yourself, whom do you covet it for?"

"For the Lord's poor," was the feeling reply. "There is nothing in the world I want so much this morning as a few pieces of bedding to put in a missionary box."

"A missionary box!" cried Mrs. Seymour, scornfully. "You are a crank on that subject; but you know it is useless to come here for anything to put in it, for you know my motto is, "Charity begins at home.'"

Mrs. Foster might have added, "and ends there," but she had too Christ like a spirit to even in thought sit in judgment on one for whom she felt only pity, because she knew not the blessedness of giving as unto Him. But she only said gently:

"This box interests me greatly, for we have learned that the missionary in the far West to whom it is going is in the greatest need, as they were burned out last spring, and lost nearly everything. I wrote asking for measurements, etc., in regard to clothing, and inquired as to their greatest need. The wife answered my questions, telling very modestly of their wants, and ended her letter by saying: "If you can send us some bed clothes, you will confer upon us a great blessing, for we already suffer for the lack of warm bed-coverings, and winter is still in its infancy."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Mrs Seymour, coldly. "It is an easy matter to secure clothing, good, even if out of fashion, but bedding is something that few like to part with and I am sure you haven't any to spare."

"Yes, there lies the trouble. I have all the clothing I care to send, but just what that poor woman asks for particularly is lacking. All who are interested in such things have given until they have nothing to spare, or else they feel as you do about 'heirlooms.' But cannot understand how they can feel so, for it seems to me I can feel the benediction of my sainted mother every time I 'lend' a piece of her handiwork to the Lord."

"Well," Mrs. Seymour retorted, losing patience, "I am not as soft-hearted as you are, and as to giving away any of my dear dead mother's things–why–why (wiping away a tear) it would seem like sacrilege!"

Mrs. Foster, here, adroitly turned the subject, and when Mrs. Seymour was once more her smiling, satisfied self, she arose to go; but just as she did so, the latter said:

"Here is the last piece, just look at it! The only shabby piece in the lot, and only fit for the rag-bag; but I suppose mother clung to it because it was one she made when a girl. It is worn so threadbare. I don't want to give it house-room." Then a bright thought seemed to strike her, and she added, throwing it towards Mrs. Foster:

"There, it is just the thing for that

missionary box, and plenty good enough, too; 'beggars shouldn't be choosers.'"

It must be confessed that Mrs. Foster's first impulse was to say, "No, it would be sacrilege for you to part with so precious an 'heirloom!'" and indignantly take her leave; but she had learned to bridle her tongue, and in silence she allowed the giver, who seemed well satisfied with her deed, to place the shabby gift on her arm. But as she glanced from what was "only fit for the rag bag" to the piles of beautiful bedding before her, she did say impressively, "If you can give this in His dear name, perhaps I can send it."

Mrs. Foster carried the quilt home, and spread it out before her, and then gave vent to her pent-up feelings in tears of humiliation; that one who professed to be a follower of Jesus, should dishonor him by offering to his "little ones" what the giver had rightly said was only fit for the rag bag. Then she prayed earnestly that this sister might be led to see the sin of giving only what she was glad to get out of her way, and that her eyes may be opened to the blessedness of giving of her best to Jesus.

The next morning Mrs. Foster arose early, thinking, "I must get that missionary box off tomorrow, and to day I will call on some of the ladies to help me re-line and re-cover that old quilt, for I would not offer it to a street beggar as it is; and then to-night I will buy them a pair of nice blankets, instead of that new dress for myself." And then the dear little woman sighed, to think she could not do more. She had just taken the quilt in hand to measure how much cloth it would take to cover and line, when she was startled by a sharp rap at the door. Opening it she exclaimed:

"What does this mean?" And no wonder, for there stood Mrs. Seymour, fairly staggering under the weight of her burden. Entering, she threw it down, and, grasping the old quilt, flung it spitefully outside, saying, as she slammed the door:

"Lie there, until I dump you into the rag bag, where you belong!"

Then throwing herself into a chair, she continued: "If there isn't enough to fill that missionary box, I'll go home and get more."

"Why, Mrs. Seymour!" was all the one addressed could say, as she gazed at the pile before her—pillows, fleecy blankets, puffs, so warm and light, quilts and spreads, good enough for a queen "Why, I can't understand it!"

Strange that we should count it as some extraordinary thing when our prayers are answered, and like Mrs. Foster, say, "I cannot understand it." Thus Mrs. Foster, half for getting how she had pleaded with the Lord to show this woman herself, and open her heart to give of her best, now gazed in amazement at the pile of choice bedding before her—and wept.

"Why, I thought you'd be pleased," murmured Mrs. Seymour, tremulously. She was a woman who prided herself on her nerves, and was having a hard fight to keep the tears back herself.

"Oh, I—I—am too glad for words," stammered Mrs. Foster. "But these are some of your very best! I—I can't understand it."

"Well, I can't understand how I have been such a bitter selfish woman all these years. But, oh! my dream opened my eyes."

"Dream? Mrs. Foster repeated, questioningly.

"Yes, I had such a dream last night! But telling it is out of the question. Say did you ever dream of seeing Christ?" asked Mrs. Seymour, vainly trying to hide her emotion.

"No, but I wish I could, for I think a dream might be nearer my ideal of Him than any painting I have ever seen."

"Well, I cannot describe how He looked, but I don't think I ever can forget the way He looked at me. I know now, how Peter felt when the Lord looked at him after he had denied Him."

"Perhaps sometime I will tell you more, but all I will say now, is, that what you said, when you left, about giving that old quilt 'In His Name,' bothered me; and I went to sleep thinking of it, and next, I seemed to be in a cold, desolate room, gazing at a bed before me; on which were two forms. I could see their faces. They were refined, but pinched with poverty, and though they were sleeping, they shivered, and one murmured, 'so cold!' Then I glanced at the bed, and there I saw that ragged old quilt I insulted the Lord by giving you yesterday."

"I was wondering how it came there, when I heard in tones of pathos and rebuke, 'Naked and ye clothed me!' and turning around, I seemed to see my Saviour looking at me so sorrowfully and pointing at that quilt."

Here Mrs. Seymour could control herself no longer, and abruptly took her leave. Tear-blinded, she well nigh stumbled over the cause of her awakening, and taking it up, she said brokenly:

"As sure as my name is Catharine Seymour, I'll never, never rob the rag bag for the Lord's poor again!"

* * * * * *

Two women, now one in sympathy and good works, might have been seen a few weeks later both laughing and crying over the following letter:

In His Name, Dearly Beloved:

"My husband has written you a letter, telling something of our gratitude for that wonderful box, that will do to read at your missionary meeting, but I want to write a little pen picture for the eyes of the one who packed the box, and I suspect the one to whom, under Him, we largely owe our good fortune, for such it seems to us—the one who donated such a wealth of bedding.

"I will first say, frankly, that there are boxes and boxes. We had one last year—our first. Well, I said then that I hoped it would be the last, for it well nigh crushed us; I do not wish to cast reflections on any one, but after so bitter an experience, we did not anticipate great relief from your box; still, the fire, of which you learned from another source, had left us so destitute that we determined to be thankful for anything.

"Well, the day the box came had been an unusually trying one. I returned from my Indian school at night, with a weary, half-clothed body, and—yes, for we are wonderfully human—a rebellious spirit. I found the door of our humble home barricaded with that box. My husband had gone to another settlement, and I did not expect him until late at night; so I got some one to tumble it in for me, and locked the door. At first I did not intend to open it until my husband came home, but at last I said, 'I will,' and I did. 'Woman's curiosity, say you? Not a bit of it! But that box has broken all barriers down, and I will tell you why. As I looked at it, my bitter spirit only increased, until, as the contents of that other box passed in review before me, I said, 'I will open it, and if there are any "rusty stove-pipe hats" or "linen dusters," I will hide them, and not let that proud, sensitive man feel the insult of them, as he did last year. So I opened the box, and, you know what met my gaze! But you never can know how it looked to me—that bedding! For that was the one thing for which I had been especially praying. It is blessed to be able to

forget in sleep the trials of life, but how can one with a shivering frame?

"The first thing I saw was, I know, a precious heirloom, for none but a dear old grandmother could have made it. Anyhow, it carried me back to my dear old home in the East, and I fairly hugged it. Next, oh, joy! were pillows, and such pillows! Then, just think of it, a downy puff, covered with silk—new, too—and blankets and—and—. Well, I could trust the rest of that box, and I thought it was selfish of me to go further, especially when I saw that next was the overcoat my husband so much needed.

"So I went to work and made up our bed fit for a queen—for the mattress was good. I wonder if it was wicked of me to throw those husk pillows half spitefully into the corner? But I told you I was human—and that's just what I did. When the bed was made, with that silk puff across the foot, I stood and looked at it a moment, then I could not resist the temptation, I wrapped myself in that puff, and nestled my head in that real goose feather pillow and then—I cried for joy! It was so warm, so restful that I knew no more, except in happy dreams until awakened by my husband's rap.

"Seeing my tear-stained face, he exclaimed, 'What next!' and for answer I pointed to the box. He misunderstood my tears—I seldom weep—and turned away, as if to gather strength to face another box.

"My heart was too full for words, but turning him about, I led him towards that box, which so plainly said, 'Our best for Jesus'; pointed to that overcoat (as good as new), then faced him about, to look at the bed, and held a pillow up against his weary head, and then, as if he could bear no more, he said: 'Let us give thanks'!

" 'He knows our frame,' and freely forgave our lack of faith. As for you, dear unseen sisters, I am sure you already feel the benediction of 'Naked and ye clothed me."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

THE VALUE OF THE COMBINATION PRINCIPLE IN MISSIONARY SERVICE.

IF we were to go back to the beginnings of organized missionary enterprise among women, we might give some such sketch of its development as this:—

Once a woman, moved with compassion for her sisters in pagan lands, longed, and prayed, and gave her mite alone. In this, that, and the other church individual women, often isolated, often unconscious of any other sympathetic women near them, spun and wove the missionary spirit into the life of their own households, but lacked facilities for extending their Christ-like influence widely. Doubtless, more hearts than could be told came to yearn over crushed and degraded womanhood before such longings rose to the surface in some one woman's heart and overflowed in organization. The growth of the missionary spirit became so strong, the demands of perishing souls so colossal, that individual capital of love, and prayers, and tears could not cope with them. So, naturally enough, the combination of capital came about, by means of which scattered love and prayers, as well as monies, have been put together and utilized to make possible the missionary undertakings of modern Christian women. One date is familiar,—a pioneer date, back in the beginnings,—1868, the year when an overflow from a few full hearts put the combination principle to work among Congregational women, and called it the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.

"Let us organize for action," has come to be a modern conclusion. What have been some of the distinct advantages of this particular organization? In fancy I can seem to hear hosts of women join in, at least, four testimonies:—

I. INCREASE OF MISSIONARY KNOWLEDGE.

Immediately upon the combination of women into auxiliaries, programmes for meetings became necessary. Subjects had to be studied, letters from missionaries were in demand, papers had to be prepared, presented, and discussed. The methods of securing and handling knowledge have been improving with the years. It is now marshaled in our meetings with more skill and attractiveness than ever before. Much of this result is directly due to the Woman's Board, which has stood back of the auxiliaries with its classified facts, its suggestions, its facilities for supplying demand. Societies of women in alliance with, and dependent upon, the board have thus reaped immense advantage over those societies independent rather than auxiliary.

The direct and indirect results from the oft-repeated meetings of auxiliaries, branches, and board as to the increase of general missionary intelligence among our churches—who can measure their extent? We hear now the symphony concerts, given so many years in Boston, began with a meager attendance, because the public appreciation of such music was low. Public sentiment has been gradually educated through the years by these repeated concerts, until nowadays Music Hall is thronged with appreciative listeners. So the public missionary gatherings, constantly in progress throughout the network of branches, have been a powerful educating influence.

II. ENLARGEMENT OF LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

These two heart forces are the spring of missionary effort. It was these Christly impulses surging in hearts which broke forth into organization at the first. As these are generated in other hearts, in such proportion does the kingdom come in all the world.

When separate loves and sympathies began to combine and express themselves, feebly at first with timid lips, so the springs filled. So one could go to her private devotions and pray in new fervor for the Lord to send laborers and to save the perishing. Do you and I ever come away from a missionary meeting, though we have been to hundreds and they are no new experience, without a sense of our heart cups filling up?

It is unspeakable gain that we thus "flow together," not simply as local societies but as allied powers, auxiliary to the one common board. A stream of loving and compassionate forces seems ever flowing round and round among these allies, and when the tide rises in one place, another feels it.

The increase of knowledge, of which we have been speaking, constantly feeds these essential heart powers. So I become debtor to you on account of some facts you have given in my hearing or some sweet thoughts expressed; and so we are all debtors one to another—most of all debtors to the Holy Spirit who graciously comes to move through our souls, when in united prayer we call upon him and look up for his guidance.

III. INSPIRATION TO MORE AND BETTER GIVING.

The above reflections cannot be true and this fact fail to follow. It is a truism that as we know and love, so shall we sacrifice. The Woman's Board has been a schoolmistress to many of us, to teach us how miserly we have been toward the

Master's cause, how fitful also and unsystematic in our method.

If the board has gained financially in its twenty-nine years of effort; if the American Board is now able to lay upon its helpful companion $100,000 worth of woman's work,—our gratitude is enhanced when we also reflect upon our personal "refluent inspiration." Have we learned to help the "least of these," more generously, more systematically, by our talks and prayers together, by the appeals and methods sent among us by our everwatchful board? We have also learned a deeper meaning in the old words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

IV. A WISER USE OF MONEY.

It is impossible to conceive of sending money to missionaries, schools, and Bible women without some organ of transmission. If we all sent our small sums independently; if we gave, as moved upon, to every person who appealed, the result would be somewhat like a crazy quilt, no system, no art, and, should like to say, except for the feelings of those who love to sew the pieces together, no harmony to make beauty.

Estimates are made by the missionaries with the greatest care; appropriations are made by the boards to meet these estimates as nearly as possible, after sober consideration, with prayer. Societies allied to the board may be sure that the "regular work" is the important work; that in responding faithfully to the call for its support they are sending gifts in directions judged to be wisest by a large force of missionaries and officers who are in the position to see needs clearly. As the trust can take individual contributions and make of them one broad stream far more beneficent in its influences than many rills, so can individual gifts flow through the auxiliary treasuries and into the board reservoir, there to be distributed according to concentrated wisdom.

We cannot press a parallelism between commercial and missionary service too far. Yet their is a similar danger in our missionary combination. The leaders of branches and auxiliaries may err in failing to plan work for individuals. The man, be he ever so humble, must be considered in any correct solution of commercial troubles. The woman must be considered in organized missionary effort. And this leads to another danger in organization—the loss of personal effort, as, somehow, the feeling gets uppermost that the society is going to do all the work, and I, personally, need only make my usual offering, and attend meetings when convenient. We can sit down and reason that the society is composed of individuals and that if they fail to carry out its central idea the society collapses. It is another thing to rise up and say, with firm resolve, "I will put life into this organization; its leaf shall not wither because of me; there is one woman I may win; I can deny myself further; I have great lessons still to learn about prayer," It is another thing —but it is one out of many equally important things; it is the all-important attainment for which the Woman's Board strives and yearns. We invite every company of women in our churches, combining for foreign missionary effort, to ally themselves as auxiliaries to the board that they may strengthen the whole enterprise and receive enlargement themselves.—*Ex. Life and Light.*

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used.—PASCAL.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

Egypt.

Miss Buchanan, of Asyut, writes under date of April 5, '98.

The hot weather has come on in earnest and the belated tourist feels excited and thinks he has seen enough of this beautiful Nile valley, the waving palms and enchanting sunsets, and thinks it is high time to get back to lands where the air is cooler and the lungs have a chance to expand. He thinks, after all, "old things are the best," and that while traveling in foreign climes is very enjoyable, there are times when it is nicer to be at home among old scenes and old friends, where there is not always a cloudless sky and the sunshine has not such a hot kiss of welcome. We are very glad that a few travelers have been as much interested in the living present as in the dead past of Egypt and have visited us here at Asyut, to see the Lord's work and given us who are trying to do this work, a word of cheer as they have been passing by.

This last month we have had several friends to look in upon us, and their enthusiasm over the work, as they saw it here, has been a help to all of us. It is no wonder that even the ordinary traveler finds much in this country to interest and delight the ear and eye. Why if you could walk just a few feet from our mission buildings you would find yourself in a scarcely diluted atmosphere of the "Arabian nights." The camels with their swaying riders are marching in stately fashion through the streets; the still sultry air is resounding with the unrestrained cries of donkey boys and peddlers. Right above us we can hear from the lofty minarets the quavering voice of the Moslem calling the faithful followers of the false prophet to prayer. The water-seller walks his rounds with the goat-skin swung around his body dealing out the precious fluid to thirsty souls, and we see the turbaned merchant in his little dark (cell) den, lying quite open to the street. The mourners go by covered with mud, wailing over their dead, and then a gay marriage procession in glittering light and uttering the glad wedding cry will next attract the attention and so we might go on and on. But while these are the things which attract the traveler, we find things which interest us much more, and which occupy our time and thoughts and hearts so much, that these do not seem very important.

All at our station are well except Ralph Henry, who is still a sufferer. He is recovering slowly from the paralysis, however. Mrs. Hart and her two little ones have had la grippe, but are better now. We always feel anxious for the little children when the hot weather comes.

Miss Finney tells of the girls' school at Mansourah:

I wish the readers of the Budget could look in on our girls' school some day, I am sure you would wonder where we put all the girls. One room comfortably accommodates about 70 girls, and every day there are present between 90 or 100. The room for the primary grade is an 8 by 10, and is on the west side of the building, consequently the 35 little tots are packed like sardines and almost suffocate these hot days. With proper accommodations this girls' school might grow to twice its present size, for Mansourah is a town of 40,000.

This is the day of the monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary society. The society was organized for the women of the congregation, but many of the school girls voluntarily attend. It is very gratifying to see Moslem girls and Jewesses taking such an interest in this meeting offering their contributions, and taking part in the exercises.

The women's weekly prayer-meeting, which is conducted by the pastor, meets every Friday afternoon after school hours, in one of the school rooms. Very often some of the school girls remain of their own accord for this meeting, and it does my heart good to see how eagerly they drink in the words of our good pastor. I sit with bated breath and I pray that the words he utters may be the means of letting in the light upon their darkened souls.

These days we are busy getting ready for our school entertainment. It is to come off next week and is much looked forward to by the girls. I often wonder how these girls who have been taught from their infancy the seclusion of women, can appear before the public with such slight embarrassment. I trust that the readers of the Budget will remember the Mansourah girls' school in their prayers.

Mrs. Elizabeth Giffen gives general news from Cairo:

Miss Smith has charge of two day schools in Cairo and she thinks "trouble never comes singly." She has two teachers in her Foom El Khaleeg school, and about a week ago, one of them got word of a serious accident, which happened to her brother. She at once started for her village, some distance up the Nile, but found that her brother and a nephew, a young man about 18 years old, had been buried under the earth which fell in on them while digging a well. They were both dead before they were rescued. By the time she returned, the other teacher's little child died and as she lives in the school, of course the school had to be closed for the day.

This school is in an interesting part of the city, the people being mostly Bedouin. One of the school teachers also spends a part of the time each day in house visiting. In some houses she finds the women too ignorant to be read to, so that she must talk to them instead of reading the message. The women listen to her talks and say they love to have her come to them. In Miss Smith's other school most of the teachers are sick and each day she finds it hard to close the day and leave so much undone. There is a great deal of sickness just now among both natives and Europeans.

Dr. and Mrs. Watson returned from their Nile trip two weeks ago today. Mrs. Watson was in bed with an attack of dysentery. They thought best for her to go to the hospital, instead of coming to their house. She has been very ill for two weeks and does not improve as we would like to see her. May it please our heavenly Father to heal her speedily in answer to the many prayers offered daily for her recovery.

Miss A. Y. Thompson says:

In my visiting, I find many other people to call upon besides those who are recognized as Egyptians. There is a woman here who has been attending our Christian Endeavor society, who is English, but her husband is an Armenian, who lost heavily during the late Greek war, and came to Cairo. His wife asked me on last Sabbath evening to go to talk to her husband some day about five o'clock when he would be at home. The man has been drinking lately. Today I went, and my visit was a sad one in some ways. After talking for some time, she asked me to pray. So I read the 86th Psalm and we all knelt down. She followed me in prayer, and quite broke down, but he called to her, "Nellie, don't cry, I promised not to take any more for a long time." They both

spoke of the great temptations around them in Cairo, and I tried to urge on them both the necessity of prayer for help. From there I went to a house of some Europeans, one of whom had come to one of our meetings, and our common language was Arabic. From there I went to the house of a poor simple-minded woman, a member of the church, who in her sorrow over her five deceased children, is trying to learn to read and to sing the Psalms. She knows some by heart, and can spell her lesson by heart too, but she seems to be one of God's chosen.

Mrs. Harvey tells of trials and persecution of a convert from Mohammedanism:

Two weeks ago Dr. Harvey baptized Mohammed Hahfez, being convinced, after long earnest talks with him, that he had accepted Christ as his only Saviour.

Mohammed, as he still wishes to be called, is about thirty years of age, and has a good education having spent many years in school; part of the time in a French school and part in Moslem schools. He is a descendant in direct line from the Prophet Mohammed, and his father and uncle wear the green turban, which only such are allowed to wear. For some time he has kept a grocer's shop in a Moslem quarter of the city. Some weeks ago he had told his mother and brother that he was a Christian and they told him he could not live in the house. He took another house and lived alone. The evening of the day of his baptism, he went to his house to find "what could be broken, broken, what could be cut, cut, and his money taken." He left at once and went to the house of one of our church members, and sent word to the mission. Dr. Harvey and Mr. Giffen went to the chief-of-police and got two policemen to go with them to the honse, as it was feared his friends would follow him. It was also agreed that policemen would go with him the next morning to open his shop. The next morning they went to the shop and found the door covered with indigo, a sign of mourning, and writing saying, the owner had become a Christian and calling upon him curses. Crowds gathered and though there were twelve policemen they could do nothing and Mohammed and a friend with him were glad to escape from the stones and dirt thrown after them. Two days after he again ventured out in the street (he had come to the mission house) a policeman saw him and said "There is the man who has become a Christian," and cursed him. A crowd at once gathered and he was passed from one policeman to another, till he reached the mission house, the crowd increasing all the time. The authorities were written to several times and they have done all they could to preserve order. On Monday of this week, under care of secret policemen, he opened his shop and was not disturbed. Yesterday he did the same and came back to the house in the evening seeming quite happy with the days work. One of the theological students has been with him all the time, taking it in turns, one staying a few hours and then another taking his place. This is the third Moslem baptized the past few months, but the others were poor and not of an "honorable" family as this man is.

We trust this is only the first of a great harvest to be gathered into the garner of the Master this year. There are hundreds of enlightened Moslems throughout Egypt and we only need the quickening of the Spirit to waken them into new life. May your prayers be more earnest than ever.

India.

Mrs. A. B. Caldwell, of Sialkot, writes under date of March 16, '98.

Last night we were all invited to witness a magic lantern exhibition in the English soldier's prayer rooms. The views were furnished and explained by Mr. Wilkins, the photographer, who took the convention pictures. He showed some views of the frontier, such as the Swat valley and Malakand, where on the night of the 26th of July last, the deadly attack was made resulting in the loss of a number of soldiers, as well as several English officers. He showed views of Chitral also, where the tribes rebelled a few years ago. Also of Delhi and other places of interest in India. We spent a pleasant and I think a profitable three quarters of an hour. There were a goodly number of soldiers present and after a vote of thanks to Mr. Wilkins, Private Archer gave a cordial invitation to all present to attend a Bible class held every Friday evening in the prayer rooms.

I am to edit the Budget this month so I hasten to submit the contributions received and trust that they will be read with interest and enjoyed by all.

Miss N. Y. Spencer writes from Lyallpur, March 12, '98:

In district this winter we have been a good deal among the original inhabitants of the Bar, the "jungly" people. They are in many ways quite different from the ordinary Punjabi, and we found the work among them interesting as well as novel. They are much like my idea of the Bedouin children of the desert. They were here before the canal came, so in their villages are wells and much of the cultivated land is still thus watered. The area of tilled land being thus limited, their principal wealth was in flocks and herds and they raised and stole cattle quite indifferently.

But now the canal has come with its numberless intersections, and the cattle thief finds it difficult to escape with his booty, as he is liable to run up against a canal any where. So he is reforming somewhat, and turning his attention more to farming. Their boys were not allowed to wear any head-dress until they had performed some act of "bravery," which in their vocabulary meant stealing. They are most frank in telling of their exploits.

They are very well taught in their own religion, that of Mohammed, but listened well and intelligently to us. Some of us feel that there is a very inviting field of work among them. They are not accustomed to being kindly spoken to by those outside of their own number, and so think the missionaries fine people. The women, too, were so pleased that we came to them only, that the tables were turned by shutting out the men. They are shut out from what the men enjoy.

Sardar in this country is a title of respect for a ruler. So they said the men had their sardars but we were their very own. Yesterday they were calling us sardars and we said we weren't sardars, but their sisters; afterwards when we were asking them to make some of their curious articles of dress for us, saying we would gladly pay them for the materials and work, they replied, "But you said you are our sisters and sisters don't take pay for what they give each other!"

The women have more freedom than among the ordinary Punjabis and their marriage customs must be different, for it isn't necessary for every little girl to be married. Indeed there are good looking, able-bodied old maids among them, and it did me good to see them.

Their villages are better built than the others with picturesque, thatched roofs. The people and their houses are much cleaner and more comfortable looking than we are accustomed to see among people of that grade of society. When they accept the Gospel they will make a fine, brave, strong type of Christians.

Miss J. B. Morrison, writing from

Gujranwala, March 13, '98, says:

Perhaps it is because I am a new missionary and haven't become hardened to the condition of affairs that I think it is sad, as we go over the district during the itinerating season, to pass villages of several hundred inhabitants wholly heathen, and not stop at all to say a word to them concerning their souls. Where it is possible, of course we do stop and spend sometimes an hour; and on rare occasions three hours, in the latter case we could visit perhaps three different places in the village and read a few verses of Scripture to the people, perhaps sing a psalm, and if they were willing to learn, teach them a verse of Scripture; then they have had their chance, and if they and we live until the next year, we may be able to spend about the same length of time with them again or perhaps the next year, it will not be possible to visit that village at all, as it may be two years before we see them again. These men and women are our brothers and sisters, whose souls are just as precious in God's sight as our own, yet they have just this one chance of hearing that there is a Saviour who loves them. But we must not be fanatical as I was reminded in a recent letter from America, "There are plenty of heathen at home," and "charity begins at home" you know, yet somehow it seems a pity.

It cannot be said that these people are "hungering for the gospel" but they are often willing to listen to the gospel and the way is open to us always.

Miss Embleton, of Sialkot, sends the following interesting account of a conference:

The third annual Student and General Conference was held in Lahore, Feb. 24th, 1898. It was a time of spiritual refreshing and enjoyment to all in attendance. The more we attend of such conferences, the more do we realize what rare privileges they afford us, and the more grateful are we that we are accorded means of spiritual uplifting and growth in grace.

Rev. J. M. Forman, who rendered such efficient help in our own convention last fall, and J. Campbell White, of Calcutta, brother of our own Dr. W. W. White, were the chief speakers. There were most helpful addresses on Bible study; prayer; causes of failure; the possibilities of the life in God. India's needs and our responsibility, etc. Each day was begun with a prayer-meeting from 8 to 9 o'clock, which gave tone to the whole day. Not only were Christians built up and strengthened by these meetings, but souls were converted. At the last meeting on Sabbath evening many testimonies were given of help received and new purposes formed. It has been said that the key note of the first conference, held two years ago, was Bible study; of the second, Prayer, and of the this one, Personal Work, and that this is the logical order.

Plans are under consideration for having Mr. Andrew Murray, Mr. Webb Peploe, Mr. Meyer and Mr. Mott come to India next cold weather to hold a series of about twenty conventions. Will you not pray that those who have the direction of the matter may be guided to right decisions, and if the conventions are held, that they may be abundantly used of God for the salvation of India?

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP AINAWALI,
ZAFARWAL DISTRICT, INDIA,
Feb. 12, 1898.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

A rainy day! Who does not enjoy one once in a while? The world with its demands and duties are for the time shut out and we do enjoy the freedom and rest. Here in camp it means some discomfort and changing of plans and delay, but after watching the clouds for weeks and longing for rain and finally giving up hope because the season is rapidly passing, how grateful it is to see shower after shower of plenteous rain falling on the parched fields. The people had become very anxious about the rains and when out among them we have been frequently asked why no rains come. We usually call their attention to the many calamities befalling this land—the war, famine and plague, as a righteous judgment from God because the people so persistently refuse to own Him as the true God and His Son as their Redeemer. But too often this is received in their fatalistic way, and with a hopeless shake of the head they reply, "God knows," or "It is the will of God." O, as the refreshing showers have fallen on the parched land bringing blessings to many, so may the refreshing showers of God's mercy and grace fall on these people so long hardened in sin bringing life and salvation to many!

I joined the Zafarwal force of missionaries the latter part of December. Since that time we have been in camp going from place to place. As yet everything is new to me—the district, the villages, the workers and the people. Every day brings me in contact with new faces and surroundings. This, together with again beginning work in a strange language, puts me in the place of a new missionary, although I no longer pass for such. But

it is good to be back in India once more; good to be welcomed back by old friends and fellow-workers, and greeted by those who have swelled our ranks during my absence. It is a joy too to be among our people once again, and have a share in training these Christians for God and making known the way of salvation to those still without it.

We came to this village a week ago. As it was near evening when we arrived, after arranging our tents, our first work was the regular evening service. This service is always held in the village where we are camped. In this the people of that village have the advantage over the neighboring villages. In connection with the first meeting is the examination of the Christians. In some places this is very encouraging in others, quite the contrary. Here the people quite astonished me by turning out in such numbers as to fill the preaching tent. But, alas, their zeal seemed to end here. Their examination fell far below what it should be.

The next day we spent in neighboring villages. In one of these we found a number of enquirers. We examined the women and found them ready for baptism so far as knowledge of the way of salvation is concerned. But owing to some complication in a marriage arrangement, baptism was postponed.

These marriage arrangements, both early engagements and engagements with heathen, are a source of great annoyance. It is not only contrary to the law of God but also to the law of the land for people of one religion to intermarry with those of another. But it is such a disgrace to have unmarried daughters in a family some prefer making unlawful arrangements rather than bear the shame. In one family we found a little girl scarcely ten years old engaged to a man several times as old.

Our Sabbath service was again crowded. Before the meeting we examined two families, and finding them ready to be received into the church, they were baptized. We had a large Sabbath-school, eight classes in all. Some of these were heathen classes. The work ended with a service to which the heathen were especially invited. Fewer came than usual when such an announcement is made, but those who came listened very well for a time while Mr. Anderson preached to them on the text, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." But at a certain point when it became emphatically evident that in order to accept the great salvation they must admit that Christ is the Son of God most of them left while a few stayed and listened to the close. There is a spirit of inquiry, among the Mohammedans especially, which is hopeful. If they still refuse the offered salvation, "how will they escape?" God grant that very soon this spirit of inquiry with God's blessing upon it may lead them on into the fullness of the light. At present the Mohammedans are in the midst of their month of fasting. Nothing is eaten during the day, but early in the morning and after sundown they may eat freely. A few days ago I met a family of high caste Mohammedan women on the train. As evening came on they began to talk of their food. The sun went down in a bank of clouds, so they could not definitely determine when the sun set. I told them the time and they immdiately began to eat. They had made ample provision for the usual meal and partook freely. These people were well taught in their own religion and claimed they had satisfaction in performing the rites. But many observe the fast through custom and admit that no advantage is gained.

We are especially endeavoring to teach

our Christian systematic giving. We are placing earthen-ware vessels in all the homes and are urging the women to put aside a certain amount of flour or rice for the Sabbath offering. These vessels are painted white and decorated with bright red and the text, "The tenth is the Lord's," written upon them. Could our good Thank-offering secretary see these gorgeously adorned "mite boxes" she might get some new suggestions for next year's boxes. Certain it is even her creative genius never produced any such *attractive* offering boxes. The women are greatly pleased with them and manifest much interest. We only hope that they may not become indifferent when we are gone, but that these may be means of blessing to them and that our offerings may be greatly increased.

Your Fellow Laborer,
SUSIE A. YOUNG.

AMERICAN MISSION,
LYALLPUR, INDIA,
March 14, 1898.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

I am going to tell you about our first visit to Chinot City, as it was the first time it has ever been visited by lady missionaries. Chinot is one of the larger cities, and has about fourteen thousand inhabitants. It is a very old place, two or three thousand years old; that is as nearly as the age of anything can be told, for the exact age of nothing is known in India. As we came near the city and looked at the tall houses and mosques, we wondered what we would do, and how we would get into the houses; how we would be received, and what work would we accomplish for the Master.

We went first to the government hospital, hoping to find some women among the assistants or patients, and in this way receive an invitation into some house. We were received by the doctor in charge, and found he had no women helpers or patients at that time. He was very kind to us and told us there were two government schools for girls and offered to direct us to them. We were kindly received by the teachers and invited to visit the schools on the next day. The doctor also took us to call on Dina Nath Paul, the only Christian man in the whole city. He was converted in the Presbyterian mission school in Lahore and baptized by Dr. Foreman. He belonged to a high caste Hindu family, and his conversion caused great disturbances, the enrollment of the school being decreased from five hundred to sixty-two. His case was put in the courts and his father spent twenty-two thousand rupees. He was told in court that if he became a Christian he would lose all his inheritance. Although he was only a boy of fifteen he replied that what was his forefathers' could not be taken from him; and, if it was the Lord's will, it would all be his. Now his father and brother and sisters are gone, and he had said to his mother, "All have gone and I am left, and all is mine," and his mother replied, "It is the Lord's doing."

We visited the Hindu school and found the girls at work. They showed us their work, and some of them read to us. They said they could not sing but asked us to sing. So we sang some of the psalms, and meanwhile many of the mothers came into a court-yard and asked us to read to them from "our book." They all sat down in the court-yard and Miss Spencer read to them of the birth of Jesus. The teacher understood very well and would explain to the women. The teacher told us, as so many do, "Your religion is very good. It is for you; ours is for us."

We then went to the Mohammedan school. As we went along the street we congratulated ourselves that we were

free from the crowd that so often follow us just to see an English woman. But we were only a short distance from the school when suddenly women and children appeared on all sides. They seemed to come out of the ground, and we would hear some one cry, "Look; oh, come and see." "Stop a moment," with the implied meaning "we want to look at you." We hastened on to the school, hoping for release from the crowd. We found all in readiness for us, and the teacher told us she had been so happy in thinking about our visit that she could not sleep. The door was shut and barred, but in they came over the wall and down from the roof. At last the door was pushed in and fell down, fortunately striking no one, or I fear injury would have been done. We tried to get them to be quiet and listen, or we would go to their houses, but nothing could be done —even the shoebeating, which is considered a great disgrace, was of no avail. Our visit was spoiled, and the poor teacher felt herself and school disgraced. When we started away the entire crowd of about two hundred women started after us, and more coming up every street and over every wall. We begged them not to follow us, but they said, "No one is following; we are only going to our own house," but very few seemed to find their own house. Instead many found the houses of their friends and called to them "Look; oh, come and see." We would tell them we were no show and they would say, "Of course not, we have only come to make our salaam (?)" and then they would make a most respectful salaam. At last we got away from them with sore hearts and tired heads, feeling as if we had been in a fight and had not been victorious. We came to a quiet corner where the women were spinning. Just the place for an ideal visit. So we went in and found some of the women who had seen us in the Hindu school. But the men and women crowded about so we could not read. A woman invited us to her house next day. We went and a policeman was sent to keep the crowd away. We made our visit, but the policeman was not able to keep crowds away. Many houses were open to us, but we were not able to do all we had hoped to do because of the crowds.

The last night we were in this city three woman and several girls came to our tent. We had visited them in their house and they wished to hear more. We told them again of Jesus and His love, and they seemed almost overcome by the good news and could hardly believe it was for them. These women never go outside their own homes, and were almost frightened at their boldness in coming, even at night, to our tent. But they said they loved us and wished to hear our message again, and when we bade them goodbye they said we were taking their hearts with us.

Your friend,

KATE A. HILL.

JHELUM, INDIA,
January 19, 1898.

DEAR MAGAZINE:—I find the work in Jhelum very different from that in which I have heretofore been engaged. The work in the district, especially, is comparatively primitive, and the people, who are mostly Mohammedans, are very bigoted; so it is difficult to reach them. Large numbers of villages still remain untouched for want of anyone to go. Does this say the field is manned with workers either foreign or native? When I was out in Bhera with Miss Ella Gordon, we found very few who really had any knowledge of our religion.

Miss Ella Gordon wrote from camp a few days ago, "We have visited four villages from this place. They are so far

apart that it takes time to get to them. We visited two villages today. Mr. Kyle and Barakat Ali went with us. We are quite a curiosity to the people. It seems that they have never been visited by missionaries before. Large crowds of women gathered around us (Miss G. and her Bible reader,) and they generally treat us very nicely. Today as the women gathered around, one woman came asking for medicine for a goiter on her throat. I asked one woman if she had ever heard the Word of God. At first she did not answer, then said "yes". I asked her again and she answered, "no.' I said, "Would you like to hear it?" and she answered, "No, we don't want to hear it." As Mrs. Patterson, (the native Bible woman) opened the Bible the woman with the goiter went on saying, "Don't open the book, we don't want to hear it." Then she gesticulated in a menacing manner and put her fingers between her teeth as if to say, "Be careful," then she told the other women to get up and go away. Some obeyed her, but a good audience remained and listened. The people are so afraid they may hear something against their own religion and "it is written" having so much force, they are, in bigoted places, very much opposed to having us read. But when they get to know us, this prejudice largely wears away. But how it makes one's heart ache to hear them say they do not want to hear the Word of God.

She further writes, "I think we always find something interesting among the women. In Chakrandas, Saturday, we were invited upstairs by a Hindoo woman. Having given us a charpai to sit on, the women crowded about us. We had not read any yet but were just beginning to sing 'Kyun Yan Bhula Hai' when the man of the house came in and very angrily ordered us out. As we were going away some one threw a piece of hard, dried mud and hit Mrs. Patterson on the head. And such a crowd of children as followed and hooted after us. We reported the man to the assistant thanedar, as the thanedar himself was not in the village. He brought the man before us and we imposed upon him as punishment that he make a mark on the ground ten times with his nose, before we would pardon him." I suppose such a punishment was inflicted rather to humiliate the man and make him really sorry than to injure his nose.

Yours sincerely,

EDITH M. FULTON.

From Miss Willard's First Public Address.

Those far-off lands made me very sad. I had not known what a wide world it is, and how full of misery. Walking in the market place of proud Berlin, where dogs and women were fastened side by side to carts laden with country merchandise; riding along unfrequented Italian roads, where I encountered at one end of the plow a cow and a woman, yoked together, while at the other a man presided, whip in hand; or watching from the car window as we whirled along from Alexandria to Cairo, women building railway embankments under the overseer's lash, how often have hot tears blurred these grievous scenes, as I felt how helpless one frail arm must be to right such wrongs. When my heart was aching over the measureless woes of women in almost every land beyond the seas, a voice would whisper to me: "Not to these, but to the dear girls of your home shall you be sent, and some day the broader channels of their lives shall send streams of healing even to these far-off shores."

A Zulu woman's hut is her castle, and she can shut the door, when she will, even on her husband.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Letter From India.

RAWAL PINDI,
Jan. 16, 1898.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—

What a lot of little people there are in the world who have no loving mothers and fathers to care for them. I am now going to tell you about seventeen such little ones, sixteen of them are girls and one is a boy of perhaps five years of age. I think you have heard of them before. Poor little waits they were before we got them. Some of them had nearly starved to death, and all of them had known what it is to be very hungry and to have nothing to eat and not one cent to buy anything with. When they first came they called themselves Hindus, Mohammedans, etc., but very soon they all began calling themselves Christians.

One girl named Nasiban, the daughter of Mohammedan parents, came up to me one day in the summer, and taking one of my hands in both of hers, said, as she looked up into my face, "After my father died and we sold our land and became very poor my mother changed my name to Nasiban. Before that my name was Nani Begum. May I not now be called Nani Begum again?" I said, "Why object to the name Nasiban, for it was under this name you came here where you have plenty to wear and to eat." Gomti, of whom I will tell you more, said, "Nasiban is a very good name. It means one of good fortune and under this name you have certainly been fortunate in finding a good home; you should not want to change your name." Nani Begum translated is Little Queen. Nasiban seemed to think she had come back to times as happy as the old ones, and so wanted to go back to the old name. One evening after they had been here only a few weeks I went to the door of their dormitory after dark and looked in to see Nasiban sitting upon her own bed, and surrounding her a number of the larger girls. Nasiban was teaching them the Lord's prayer, which she herself had nearly learned. She is the largest girl, and is perhaps 12 years of age. At another time I went out and found every girl kneeling beside her bed. Gomti had taught them how every morning and evening they should pray.

The superstition that gets such a strong hold on so many of the more ignorant people, and also on some who are not ignorant, has a very strong hold on the people of India. These little girls were very superstitious. I suppose there is a great deal of superstition in them yet; but now they are ashamed to have me know of it. Two little boys died after they came, and I was told a number

of times by girls that they had seen the spirit of one of these boys, and the other girls became timid and were afraid at night. One day the girls searched all about the place until they found bits of iron enough to supply every girl with a small piece. When I discovered this, I asked why they had the bits of iron, and was told that it would make them brave so that they would not be afraid. One of the girls a number of times acted in a very strange manner and told the girls she was seeing the spirit of her father. Finally I told her if she should see the spirit of her father again I would punish her very severely, and she has never seen him since.

You will be pleased to know how these little girls have learned to work. They do their own cooking and nearly all their own sewing. Very soon after they came we began teaching them how to cook, and they do this work very well, and, considering they have only been here since last April, they also sew very well. Teaching them to read has not been neglected, and a large number of them can now read easy sentences. They have learned a large number of scripture texts and to repeat some Psalms, the 1:23-34.

These children are supported entirely from voluntary contributions and not from mission funds. The Lord has been very good to them and so far has given them plenty to eat and wear, and we know He will continue to do this, for He loves little children and puts it into the hearts of his people to remember them.

I told you I would tell you something about Gomti. She was a little Hindu girl whose parents died and left her homeless and friendless when she was about 7 years of age. That was in 1887. I kept her in the Sialkot girls school until last May, when as her eyes were weak and she was not able to study much, and as I needed some one to help me with the orphan girls, I brought her here. She is an earnest Christian girl and does most of the teaching. She it was who taught the girls to cook. She receives no salary and gets only what I think best to give her. As I have to be away a great deal of the time looking after city work, I do not know what I would do without her.

This great famine has given a great many little ones to different missions in India. These little ones here might never have known anything of our dear Saviour if the famine had not left them starving to death for want of food for the body which perisheth. I want you to pray that they may never again lack for that which perisheth not with the using. Pray that they may grow up children of the King, serving Him and striving in everything to do His will and by so living be the means of bringing many to the Lord.

Your Loving Friend,

JOSEPHINE L. WHITE.

DEAR JUNIORS:—Last year you had as your special work the purchase of one hundred acres of land in the agricultural farm school at eight dollars per acre, this to be called the Juniors' farm; but when the year closed you had not only given the eight hundred dollars, but one hundred and fifty dollars more, so the Junior farm now contains one hundred and eighteen and three-fourth acres.

Dr. Vincent says, "All honor to our enterprising young Americans. We thank you, dear young friends, and wish you God's speed in your work of love."

The total amount contributed by the Juniors to all parts of the work for the year just reported exceeds the amount given the preceeding year over one hundred dollars. The Thank-offering almost

doubled. To be wide-awake, intelligent Juniors, be sure to read your Junior secretary's (Mrs. Stevenson's) report and the agricultural report of Prairie, Alabama, contained in the Freedmen's secretary's report, in the minutes of the W. G. M. S. of 1898. You now own the Jennie Gillespie memorial school buildings at Prairie, Alabama, Junior bed in Jhelum hospital, India, and the Junior farm at Prairie, Ala. The special work given you for this year is building a parsonage to cost about eight hundred dollars, for some needy church, the place not stated yet. When you have been so successful the past year, won't you strive with God's help (for without him we can do nothing) to do even more this year? And in your giving do it for the love of Jesus, for he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Famine Orphan Children in India.

LESSON FOR JUNIORS FOR JULY.

Opening Exercises.—Read Joel 1st chapter. Sing Bible Songs, Nos. 45:14, 15, 16; 49:5, 6; 51:1, 2; 46:-

Bible Study.—Bible famines and their lessons. Famine in the time of Abraham. Gen. 12:10; Famine in the time of Isaac. Gen. 26:1; Famine in the time of Jacob and Joseph. Gen. 41:57. Have one of the children tell briefly the story of Joseph and the seven years famine and God's purpose in sending Joseph to Egypt. Gen. 45:6, 8.

Famines in Israel.—In the time of the judges. Ruth 1:1; in the time of David and the cause. 2 Sam. 21:1; in the time of Elijah. (1.) cause. 1 Kings 16:33; (2.) foretold by Elijah. 1 Kings 17:1. Have one of the children tell the story of how Elijah was preserved. 3. Ahab and Elijah. 1 Kings 18:17, 18. Have one of the children tell how God avenged himself against the prophets of Baal, if there is time.

Famine threatened.—Jer. 14:15; Eze. 5:12; 6:11, 12.

Famine described by Jeremiah.—(1) Jer. 14:2, 6; (2) Confession and prayer vs. 7, 9; (3) Lam. 4:4, 5.

Famine foretold in the latter times.—Math. 24:-6, 7; Mark 13:7, 8; Luke 21:10, 11.

India is a stricken land now. Her condition is described in these prophecies. There are wars, famines, pestilence, and earthquakes; but the worst famine of all is the famine of God's word. Amos 8:11. Will you not pray that the whole world shall hear of Christ and that "All ends of earth shall turn to God the Lord."

The Juniors all know that there has been a great famine in India, and that the people are still suffering very much for want of food. Rev. McConnelee, Miss White and Miss Anderson went to the famine district and brought back some orphan children, (see frontispiece) whose parents had died of starvation. They were all taken to Rawal Pindi, one of our mission stations. Rev. Thompson had charge of the boys until he went home, when they were put into the new Industrial school, which the mission has opened. Miss White has charge of the girls. She has written about them. Read her letter carefully and you will be able to answer these questions:

How many orphan children has Miss White under her care? How many girls? How old is the little boy? Where were they gotten? Why are they orphans? What did they call themselves at first? What do they call themselves now? Tell about Nasiban. (Nusebun). Why did she want her name changed back? What do the two names mean? What did Nasiban teach the others? How old is the oldest of the children? What did Gomti teach them to do every morning and evening? Why are people superstitious? What are some of the superstitions of these little girls? What did Miss White do to break one little girl of her superstitious notion? Are not superstitions very foolish? What work do these little girls do? What else have they learned? What psalms do they know? How are these children supported? Can you do anything to help to support them? Who helps Miss White take care of them? Tell what you can of Gomti's history. Has the famine been a blessing to these children? How? How many will pray for these children as Miss White has asked you to do?

JOSEPHINE MARTIN.

The Children in The Church.

The children, as we all know, have a most important place in the church. It is the children of to-day who must fill up the ranks in the future made vacant by sickness, age and death. It is the children who must be the leaders in after years in this grand work for the Master, and to make good and efficient leaders, or members, they must be trained from their infancy to love the house of God. Some one might ask, "How early shall we begin to train them for service?" I would answer, "Just as early as we begin to labor and pray for them." Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

I am not in sympathy with the idea, so prevalent to-day, namely, that it is too tiresome for children to remain for the morning service after attending Sabbath-school. If the children are trained from their infancy to stay for both services, they will not think it a hardship. It is true the busy little bodies may become restless, but should we not bear with their restlessness, if by their staying a habit of church going will be cultivated

within them? We mothers are afraid of our children cultivating bad habits, why not so fill them with good that there will not be room for the bad? The heathen mother takes her babe to the idol temple and teaches it to clasp its little hands before its forehead in an attitude of prayer long before it can utter a word. As soon as it can walk it is taught to gather a few flowers or fruit, or put a little rice on a banana leaf and lay them upon the altar before the idol god. As soon as it can utter the names of its parents so soon is it taught to offer up its petitions before the images. Christian mothers, should we not be as zealous in teaching our children to go up to the house of God and to worship the living and true God? Children may not heed much of the sermon, but who can tell when a good seed may be dropped into their hearts. If you will pardon a personal illustration: sometimes when my boy of five and a half summers appears to be paying the least attention, should the minister quote a golden text with which he is familiar, he never fails to hear that and will whisper "Mamma, that is a golden text." We see by this that they hear more than we think.

But after they become regular church goers they must have something to keep them interested in the church and church work, and in what better way can we do this than by giving them some work to do? Give them some work that they will be responsible for. We have the Sabbath-school, and I think a good plan for work in this, is to first make them feel that their presence is indispensable and then have them bring in others whose parents have no church home. In this way they can do a noble work. Then we have the mission band. Give them some work to perform there; make them feel that all will be a failure unless they perform the work assigned them. By working in these and other ways they will learn more of the church and church work than years of teaching would give them.

When they have performed the work assigned them, do not forget to give them the smile of encouragement or the word of commendation. The child heart longs for sympathy and needs some sign of encouragement from older leaders. Our Saviour was not too busy while upon earth to take notice of children. Did he not say, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God?" Then let us teach the children to love the house of God and love to work for Him who first loved them. A poem of Margaret Sangsters seems appropriate.

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn on the Holy Sabbath
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered,
Worshiping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over the
Dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look, in the congregation,
Like lilies among the wheat;
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear the "Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home;
A place of their own with His people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in His arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the Lord's Day morn to see,
The dear little children clustered
And worshiping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

MRS. J. M. BULL.

Cedarville, O.

EDITORIAL.

Women's General Missionary Society.

The May anniversary of the Women's General Missionary Society affords a delightful opportunity for renewing old friendships and forming new ones, doing much toward unifying the widely scattered churches. There is an inspiring optimism, born of faith and love, in these gatherings, which acts as a tonic and is contagious. The social influence is tremendous, as it brings together those who seldom meet, but who have one common cause—one Saviour, in the spread of whose kingdom all are alike interested. Hence the sight of four or five hundred women praying and planning for the noblest enterprise on the face of the earth—missions, carrying the blessed gospel to those in the darkness and shadow of spiritual death—was impressive.

The church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Thomas McMichael, was made cheerful and inviting with palms and flowers, and the fellowship sweeter by the perfect arrangement of everything looking to the comfort of the delegates, the expediting of business, and the carrying out of a full and varied program.

The meeting was begun with joyful hearts, and songs of praise and prayers, repeatedly interlined the formal business hours; and far oft be the evil day when the crown of glory, the devotional spirit of worship, will be limited or allowed a substitute. The presence of some of those who were seldom absent and who always seemed a part of the annual meeting was mournfully missed. As their names were frequently mentioned words of praise and remembrance were spoken that were not inharmonious or insincere.

The joy in service and the triumphs of faith were as manifest as in previous meetings. As the records of the year were read, a spirit of appreciation of "others' labors" was started. These records manifested the love and portrayed the spirit of the numerous societies of the church and revealed a versatility of method and vigor of life that is interesting to contemplate. Such a spirit of geniality and generosity prevailed as reduced to a minimum the elements of personality and self-seeking, though questions and plans were discussed vigorously.

Tender and pleasant memories were stirred in the hearts of the delegates as they turned their faces homeward from the beautiful city of Cleveland. The determination was strong, to live and work in the coming year on the same high plane of fellowship with each other, and with the Master of Assemblies, which so signally characterized this fifteenth annual meeting.

IMPRESSIONS AND BREVITIES.

The Journey. The journey to Cleveland was not only a means to an end. It was delightful in itself. No healthy soul can escape a sense of exhileration when gliding across green fields and flowing streams with almost the swiftness and smoothness of an eagle's flight. The forests with their tender half-developed leaves possessed a beauty peculiar to this season, while the profusion of white bloom on the smaller trees—the dog-wood, wild plum and crab-apple—suggested trailing veils for the queens of the forest stately in their crowns of emerald, which remind one that this is said to be "natures wedding season." An occasional Judas tree in robes of pink and purple lent color to the spectacle.

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The Officers. The composition of the meeting was interesting as each secretary told the story of her years work with no idea of there being any-

thing heroic in it.

The president, warm hearted and impartial, endeared herself to all and will be remembered as pleasing and successful in the position which she held. She was assisted by first and second vice-presidents—an able and energetic trio.

Mrs. Mary Porter's services as secretary were never more highly appreciated and her annual report brought the facts of the year before the meeting in a way both interesting and satisfactory.

Miss Sloan—the very name suggests long rows of figures and statistical tables carefully compiled, and visions of hours of application and hard toil.

The other secretaries—Foreign, Home, Freedmen, Church Extension, etc., each in her inimitable way, brought forward her work, with plans and recommendations formulated upon an intelligent acquaintance with her department in detail. Though the foreign secretary does not leave our shores, her work cannot be overestimated.

Each secretary left an unique impression on the audience. Greater success will attend their efforts in the year of our Lord 1898, if societies will redouble their energies and put in their possession the fertilizing elements of prayer and gifts. Gather from the present, omens of the future. Considering these omens thoughtfully, may we not assert, "There will be fair weather, for the sky is red."

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Loyalty to Country. The patriotic demonstration which occurred after the regular session on Thursday evening, and which is referred to in another column, was ample proof of the position of United Presbyterians in the present crisis. The expressions of loyalty to country and a readiness to go forth by divine assistance to champion the cause of the oppressed, as expressed in the addresses of Mrs. Campbell and Judge Logue, in the songs sung, and in the prayers offered, evidently found a response in every heart. There were in the audience those who had sons and brothers at the front. One mother who had parted with her seventeen year old boy said the rustling of a newspaper startled her because it suggested war news. The word had just come of the first American dead, so that we were in a position to count the cost.

If Queen Christina, whose mother's heart prompts her to make every effort to save the throne for her boy-king, could have come in touch with the holy and fixed purpose of that assembly, in which were mothers whose boys yet in their teens had gone to battle for the cause of humanity with the maternal "God bless you," it would have been a revelation to her.

May America's avenging of the Maine not be in the revenues of subjugated island provinces, but in letting the oppressed go free and in opening the way for the missionary and the open Bible where now ignorance and superstition reign.

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Training Schools. The committees on Training schools gave a full report of the work of each. The Allegheny committee recommended that the school there be discontinued, the number of pupils not being sufficient to justify its maintainance, but stating that the professors of the seminary would welcome any who wished to avail themselves of the course.

The Xenia committee recommended that the school there be continued. The attendance though small was not without encouragement. No more money was asked for, as the appropriation for last year had not been exhausted.

These recommendations were unanimously adopted.

Rev. T. H. McMichael. The pastor, Rev. T. H. McMichael, was untiring in his efforts to serve the convention. He extended a royal welcome, and in the course of his remarks said that the occasion carried him back in thought to his boyhood days, and reminded him of an incident at the old parsonage. A lady parishioner arrived with her buggy filled with good things, just such as specially delight the heart of a boy. She remained for supper, and, when all were seated, she looked up and down the table and remarked, "Well, I think we will have a pretty good supper with what I have brought!" Mr. McMichael said he was sure that with what the ladies had brought we would have a good meeting.

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Church Building. The tasteful church building in which the meetings were held is well located in a fine residence portion of the city, just one square from Euclid avenue. The interior, which had suffered from fire last year, looked fresh and pretty and "as good as new." The audience room seemed commodious, while the basement stood well the test of furnishing room in which to prepare and serve lunch to over 425 delegates and visitors. Yet we are told that the attendance at church services is growing in such a way that the building is too small.

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Junior Workers. The meeting of the Junior workers Wednesday, in the church parlor, with Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Hill was pleasant. The topics to be discussed in the Junior conference were given to all, and had there been the allotted time for Junior work much could have been learned of the various societies in the church and new ideas gained. Mrs. Hill presented good ideas for Junior meetings. Make the Bible the basis of our information. Have the minds of the children Bible-formed.

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Our Work. More and more let us learn to unify our church's work and rightly conceive of each secretary as an instrument working in harmony for the performance of her appointed duties, each in her place endeavoring to advance Christ's kingdom. "For love wrought this—love of Jesus." The work is joy, because done unto Him and weakness strength because hid in Him. The field is the world. *The work is one.*

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Mrs. R. C. Findley, of the executive committee, who had labored indefatigably in preparing for the convention, was cut off from it entirely by the serious illness of two of her little children. Much sympathy was expressed and many fervent prayers offered for the restoration of the little ones. Mrs. McMichael, always ready to lend a helping hand, came to the rescue of Mrs. Logue and Mrs Crawford.

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Cleveland is a beautiful city. Not every one who attended the convention can speak knowingly of its parks and public institutions, but none could fail to be impressed with the attractiveness of its homes, its fine clean streets and its "roominess."

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A ripple of delighted surprise ran over the audience when it was announced that the Thank-offering was nearing the $18,000 line and would likely reach that before the last of May when the books close.

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We were sorry to miss from the convention the familar face of Mrs. Herron, president of the Board, and sorrier still to learn of her illness. May she be speedily restored.

We who were there and sat as guests at the hospitable tables of the people of our Cleveland churches realize what one meant when she said, "There is such a lot of good times going and we are in 'em." It seems like effrontery to try to tell on paper, and dole out scraps and cold pieces, when we were so bountifully fed and beautifully cared for. Homes that were homelike and hosts and hostesses that equaled loving mothers and sisters in their attention—these are among the memories we will carry with us for days to come.

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One impressive thought was the spirituality of the meeting. Oh, the blessedness of those precious seasons of prayer. Quiet reigning, heads bowed, all eyes closed, while voices were heard all over the room, not only in succession but often mingling in earnest petition to God for our meeting, our work and our country. That these prayers were heard was evident from the manifest presence of the Spirit and the harmony of the meeting.

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Much is due to our efficient president and her helpers for the well arranged program, which brought forward so many young women of the church—women in the prime of life, mature in knowledge and religious experience. The presence of the mothers in Israel was an inspiration too. Their voices were heard from the platform as well as in the prayer and praise service.

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To one attending the convention for the first time three connected thoughts were impressive: First, the greatness of the work done by the women of our church; second, the many talented, capable leaders in this work; third, the privilege of each individual member of every local society of being co-workers with them.

Mrs. S. V. Kyle, of Alexis, Ill., the incoming president, was the secretary of the Christion Union last year. Mrs. W. J. Buchanan, of Columbus, O., is first vice president, and Mrs. J. R. Logue, of Washington, Ia., second vice president. The W. G. M. S. has accepted the hospitality of New Castle, Pa., presbytery of Beaver Valley, for next year.

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Mrs. Dick presented her account of the fund for memorial stone for Miss McKown, and also a picture of the stone which showed it to be unpretentious but handsome and substantial. Mrs. Dick's work in looking after this has been a loving service to the memory of Miss McKown.

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The program was more representative this year than heretofore. It brought together the women from the East as well as from the far West. Voices were heard from Egypt and India and from twenty or more of the presbyterial societies in our home land.

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The missionary conference was impressive. Much information was given by the women in relation to the work done in their different fields of labor. It was well presented and should incite us all to greater activity in the work of the church.

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The foreign missionaries present were Mrs. E. M. Giffen, Mrs. Wm. M. Nichol and Dr. Maria White. Missionaries should be much in evidence at the W. G. M. S.

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The little pages performed their part admirably. They glided back and forth through the church quietly, strictly attending to their duties.

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In the service of song the convention was ably led and upheld by the choir, which did faithful, hard and fine work.

THOUGHTS GIVEN AND SUGGESTED BY THE CONVENTION.

"Only a grateful people can be thankful." Many grateful women attended this convention, judging from the thankfulness with which they received lost articles. The deepest sigh of thankfulness which we heard, however, was given by a lady who was assisting the postmistress. Her facilities for dealing out paper, stamps, cards, etc., being limited, one anxious, waiting customer, seing no hope of receiving her card in regular line, leaned forward and said, "Mrs. ——, "I am as honest as the day is long. If you hand me that pack of cards I will take out five and give back all the others." Mrs. —— seeing a familiar face handed the cards over. The lady receiving them counted out five, but the postmistress being too busy to take them just then, she wrote her card and mailed it. That done, in her absent-mindedness she walked away carrying with her the office supply of postals. She was soon absorbed in conversation, when Mrs. —— came up to her and with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, said, "I know you are honest as the day is long, but I would like those cards." The lady quickly replied, "Well I did return you the umbrella I borrowed."

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"If men attended to their own affairs as carelessly as they attend to the Lord's in many places, they would be utterly bankrupt within a year."

If I neglect my own business to look after the Lord's business the world will have contempt for what I do, and the Lord's cause will be brought into disrepute. If I neglect the Lord's business to attend to my own, my securities will decline until there is danger of their being refused at the bank of heaven. Then I would be bankrupt indeed. May these words of Paul guide me: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

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"Since mission work began, more than sixty of the strange tongues have been reduced to writing."

Not only are the peoples whose language has been reduced to writing indebted to the Christian world for light and life, but the educational and literary worlds are also under great obligation to the missionary for the accomplishment of this great task.

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One of the noticeable features of the convention was the marked pleasure shown in the exchange of greetings. Rev. Mr. McMichael said, during a few well chosen words of welcome, that we were enjoying "a reunion of a part of the great family." Since there is so much pleasure in this, what unalloyed happiness must be in store for the whole family when we meet never to part.

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There were many laughable incidents in connection with the convention which tended to relieve the strain of much necessary hard work. Apropos of this, we would ask some one to volunteer to to liberate the suffering lawyer whom an Allegheny woman stated she brought to the convention locked up in her grip.

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"The gathering together of Christian women today points to the door of escape for heathen women from their condition of slavery, ignorance and sin."

Shall we allow our time and our minds to be taken up with trifling things while there is such a door to be opened?

—

Mr. McMichael also said: "We welcome you because of what you are bringing us." The good people of Cleveland received us with such royal kindness that if their blessing in giving is in proportion to ours in receiving, they are blessed indeed.

"There is a system of caste in America. The woman in society who can keep two girls finds it difficult to recognize the woman who keeps but one, while they both fail to see the one who does her own work."

A disease of the eye which can be cured only by a radical treatment of the heart.

—

The sympathetic chord in every heart was touched when, during an impromptu patriotic demonstration, the Boys' Brigade of the First church marched down the aisle bearing "Old Glory" while the choir sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

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May we carry with us throughout the year the guiding thought of our last session: "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out."

MARY ALDA TATE.

New York, May 17, 1898.

THE MINUTES.

The W. G. M. S. ordered that reports of secretaries and statistics be printed by the Board, and that the minutes proper be printed in the July number of the MAGAZINE, the papers of convention to appear from time to time in the MAGAZINE, as heretofore. Societies wishing extra copies of July number will do well to send in their orders not later than June 8th, that the committee may be able to judge of the number needed.

Already the Christian and philanthropic forces of our land are at work for lightening the sorrows and sufferings of our brave soldier boys. The International Medical Society of New York City, Dr. George Dowkownt, director; Mrs. Margaret Bottome, president women's branch, is advertising for men and money for hospital work. So touching and righteous a cause needs no commendation—we know our people will respond. Send funds to Charles L. Kilborne treasurer, 24 Broad St., New York; or Mrs. George Kitching, treasurer women's branch, L. M. M. Society, South Orange, N. J. Checks should be marked "Army and Navy Fund."

A Greeting.

The Junior Missionary Society of Jamestown, O., recently extended a greeting to Dr. W. A. Robb, on the occasion of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate. It was like some of the joyous feast days among the children of Israel—a day of great rejoicing.

Our Junior Missionary Society is young in years and young in experience but as Priscilla said to John Alden, "We will speak for ourselves." All but one of us have a birthright in the congregation. We have always attended church. We have had but one pastor. No doubt he remembers certain times when his strong voice could not be heard because of war-like cries coming from our dear little throats; and how our active little bodies used to wriggle and twist in the family pew! But those days are among the happy past. We are now stepping out as learners ready to take our place among the workers.

We are only twelve—twelve, a number we are all familiar with. Twelve tribes of Israel; twelve apostles; a city with twelve foundations; in them the names of twelve apostles of the Lamb; twelve gates; at the gates twelve angels; the Tree of Life bearing twelve manner of fruit. Our number twelve therefore how significant! Large enough to do some efficient word in the heritage of God.

We are yet young for a history, but we hope that when our pastor's fiftieth anniversary is celebrated, we shall have done something worthy of record.

BESSIE CRAIN.

The simultaneous canvass recommended in the Magazine report was endorsed by the General Missionary Society. The canvass was arranged for July of 1897 *and should be made at the same time in* 1898. *Dear friends, with gratitude for the past and hopefulness for the future, let the energy be redoubled, and the effort which brought in hundreds last year, bring in thousands this.*

"To Thee, Oh God, we render thanks
We render thanks to Thee
Because Thy wondrous works declare
Thy great name near to be."

For the wonderful, almost bloodless, victory vouchsafed to our arms in the far East, and to Admiral Dewey and every brave marine who fought under him against Spanish barbarism, injustice and incapacity.

The Maine had an active Christian Endeavor, every member of which was killed in the explosion.

Programme for June.

Subject, "The Covenanters."

Introductory remarks by leader, stating who the Covenanters were, when and where they lived, and for what they stood.

Sing Bible Song No. 66, 5, 6 verses.

Season of Prayer.

Scripture Reading, Psalm 46.

Sing Bible Song No. 185, 1 verse.

Short talks on

"The National Covenant of 1638."

"The Solemn League and Covenant of 1643."

Sing Bible Song No. 57, 1, 2 verses.

Short Papers on

"The War of Montrose with the Covenanters."

"The Story of their Persecutions."

"What are we willing to endure for our holy religion today."

Close by singing No. 167, 8, 9, 10 verses.

MRS T. C. ATCHISON.

REPORTS, ETC.

Some Items in our Year's Work.

The following is a summary of the Statistics of the United Presbyterian church :

Synods	12
Presbyteries	66
MINISTERS AND ELDERS.	
Pastors and Stated Supplies	651
Without Charge	286
Total Ministers	937
Ministers deceased	5
" received	6
" dismissed	4
" ordained	41
" installed	90
" released	67
Licentiates	95
Licensures	45
Students of Theology	100
Ruling Elders	3855
CONGREGATIONS.	
Congregations with Pastor and Stated Supplies	744
Congregations Vacant	217
Total Congregations	961
Pastoral Charges	811
Congregations organized	15
Congregations dissolved	6
Mission Stations	241
New Stations during the year	13
Houses of Worship Erected	25
Total cost of houses erected	$158.013
Average cost	6.320
Congregations having no house	41
Parsonages	323
Parsonages erected during the year	12
Total cost of Parsonages	$22.363
Average cost	1 864
MEMBERSHIP.	
In America :	
Members received on profession	6896
Members received on certificate	5181
Deaths	1464
Removals	7944
Members in America	114287
Infants baptized	3517
Adults baptized	1421
In the whole Church :	
Members received on profession	7813
Members received on certificate	6196
Deaths	1550
Removals	9661
Total Members	126,339
Infants baptized	4138
Adults baptized	1610
SABBATH SCHOOLS.	
Schools open the whole year	1080
Schools open part of the year	27
Total Schools	1107
Officers and Teachers	12,680
Number of Scholars	111,557
Contributions	90,193
MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.	
Congregational Societies	951
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.	
Number of Societies	1017
Members	41,678
CONTRIBUTIONS.	
(Including contributions of Sabbath Schools and Missionary Societies.)	
In America :	
For salaries of Ministers	$596,618
For congregational purposes	475,803
For the Boards	259,391
For general purposes	106,790
Total for America	1,439,602
Total for the Church	1,457,930
Average per member in America	12 80
Average salary of Pastors in America	1,038
CONTRIBUTORS.	
In America :	
Total congregations	899

Largest number of congregations contributing to any one fund.....796
Congregations contributing to all the funds.....390
Congregations not contributing to any of the funds 36
Congregations not reporting.....35
Membership of congregations not reporting....1829

NOTE.—The average per member is for the churches in America. Also the membership of congregations not reporting is deducted in the computation. A. G. WALLACE. Second Clerk.

Kindly Words of Parting from the W. M. S., of Irwin, Pa.

It is with sincere and heartfelt sorrow, that we part with Mrs. J. M. Atchison, a beloved member of our society.

The pleasant associations of fourteen years have been broken. During all those years she has gone in and out among us, sharing our burdens, and encouraging us in every good word and work; and in all the trials and discouragements of building our church home, cheerfully working with us and for us.

We, as a society, wish to bear testimony to her faithfulness, and pray that she may be abundantly rewarded for her labors of love. Truly it can be said of her, "She hath done what she could." COM.

Convention of Sidney Presbyterial Society.

The annual convention of the Sidney Presbyterial Women's Missionary Society was held at Kenton, Ohio, April 12 and 13, 1898. This meeting was characterized by a good attendance and an excellent programme, and was of especial interest being the twentieth anniversary of the organization. Sidney presbyterial society was among the first organized, being probably third or fourth. Miss Lizzie Waddell gave the history telling of its organization, its work and progress during the twenty years of existence. Four sessions were held, and during these several excellent papers and conferences engaged our attention. Mrs. Y. Bain Robinson, of the United Presbyterian congregation, gave the society an appropriate and cordial welcome, and friendly greetings were also extended by representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches of Kenton. To these addresses our president Mrs. J. J. Huston, fittingly responded.

Mrs. O. L. McLaughlin, of Bellefontaine, our delegate to the General Missionary Convention of 1897, gave a full and interesting account. "What preparation is necessary for a revival in missions?" was answered by Miss Minnie Kirk, of Findlay. "The Holy Spirit's Prophecies Concerning Missions" were brought before us by Miss Mary Sawver, of Piqua. "Our Duty to the Freedmen" was impressed upon us by Mrs. Thomas Cooke, of Bellefontaine. The great advantage of "City Mission Work" was emphasized by Miss Maud Birch, of Toledo. "Self as a Factor in Mission Work" was treated of by Miss Hattie Trumbull, of Northwood. Mrs. E. Jennie Ryan, of Huntsville, told us "How to Triumph over Hindrances."

A conference on "Home Mission Work" was opened by Mrs. A. F. Mansfield, of Belle Center; one on the "Needs of Foreign Missions" was opened by Mrs. Alice Nagle, of Roundhead; one on "How to Interest all the Women of the Church in our Missionary Meetings and Mission Work of the Church" was opened by Mrs. Ida M. Bandeen, of Scotch Ridge, and another on "Christian Giving" was opened by Mrs. J. P. Robb, of Sidney.

During the Junior half-hour, Miss Laura Dow, of Bellefontaine, gave a talk and conducted a conference on Junior Work. A memorial service was conducted by Mrs. Asher Derr, of Silver Creek. Beautiful tributes to the memory of four departed sisters were read; Mrs. Mary Patterson and Aunt Rachel Irwin, of Bellefontaine; Mrs. Wm. Campbell, of Kenton; and Mrs. Mary Stuart Rice, of Silver Creek.

At the evening session the Thank-offering service was conducted by Miss Mattie Wadrell, Thank-offering secretary. The Thank-offering amounted to $219.03. The special feature of the evening was a very earnest and impressive address by Mrs. Mary J. Campbell, of Sialkot, India. Her account of the wonderful revival among the people of India was thrilling.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: Pres't, Mrs. R. M. Dickson; Vice Pres't, Mrs. J. P. Robb; Rec. Sec., Abbie A. Robb; Cor. Sec., Miss Mary Sawyer; Treas., Mrs. G. W. Hamilton; Junior Sec'y, Miss Minnie Kirk; Thank-offering Sec'y, Miss Mattie Waddell.

Findlay and Sidney were the societies chosen to represent the Presbyterial Society at the General Convention.

ABBIE A. ROBB, Sec'y,
MRS. J. J. HUSTON, Pres't.

San Francisco Presbytery,

The Women's Presbyterial Missionary Society, of San Francisco Presbytery met in annual session at Oakland, Cal., April 13, representatives being present from nearly every society. The first topic taken was that of "The Holy Spirit—Our need of Him. How to secure the Enduement and the Results thereof." The various reports were read, showing the following results and encouragements: The increase in the offering far exceeds that of any previous year, and it is worthy of note that the C. E. societies have contributed one-fourth of the entire offerings. A new society organized at Agenda encourages us.

The literature work of the society is progressing finely, as indicated by the fact that large quantities of missionary literature have beem distributed during the year. Every society in the presbytery presented reports showing increased interest along all lines of work. The society voted $2.00 to the monument fund of Miss McKown. Mrs. M. M. Gibson, now visiting in the East, was appointed a delegate to the Cleveland convention. A paper was read by Mrs. W. E. Dugan an "Encouragements to Labor," and one on "The Great Commission," by Mrs. C. C. Kyle. These papers were followed by a general conference, pointing out the needs, means and methods of effective mission work. Mrs. Wm. H. French conducted the question hour, during which many important questions were profitably handled. Miss Marguerite Campbell conducted the "Thank-offering" service, the amount of which reached $155, the largest in the society's history. As a fitting termination to the afternoon session of the society, a memorial service of Mrs. Wm. W. Gordon, of Easton, was held, being led by Mrs. John C. Lynn. The service began with all standing and singing Bible Song 75, which was very impressive. The leader gave a sketch of Mrs. Gordon's life. Tributes were sent by members of the Easton church, Mrs. J. H. Elliott, of Fowler, Mrs. M. M. Gibson and others. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Kyle and Mrs. J. A. Shaw. At 7:30 a praise service was conducted by Mary C. Lytle, the topic of which was "Results of Enduement." Mrs. N. R. Johnson presented the subject of American Missions among the Chinese. The session closed with the annual address by the Rev. J. A. Shaw, of Agenda.

The sessions throughout were very instructive, interesting and impressive. The intellectual palate was tickled with a constant flow of sublime things seldom experienced. We all felt that we had many reasons to rejoice because of our predicted and accomplished success, and went home with our hearts strong in faith and good resolutions, to extend the Master's kingdom as best we could in our respective fields.

Spring Hill, Indiana.

In response to neat invitations issued by the President, Mrs. Paul Stewart, the Ladies' Mission, ary Society of Spring Hill, Ind, held its annual Thank-offering service at the parsonage, Friday afternoon, March 11th.

The programme included responsive reading, songs, prayers, a paper on "Giving," a recitation entitled "The Thank-offering," and a solo, "To Thee alone I flee." The Thank-offering was taken which amounted to $67.

At the close of the programme an hour was spent very pleasantly together, at which time refreshments were served. It was not only a profitable meeting, but one greatly enjoyed by all.

Concordia Presbyterial.

Concordia Presbyterial Missionary Society met at Idana, Kans., Apr. 5, 1898. The president, Mrs. Strain, opened the meeting with devotional exercises The secretary being absent, Miss McIntyre was chosen secretary protem. Reports from officers and local societies were encouraging. The boards of the church were taken up as a study. Interesting and instructive papers were read as follows: "Freedmen's Mission," written by Mrs. Mary McManis and read by Miss McIntyre; "Home Missions," Mrs. E. A. Bell, of Hopewell; "Foreign Missions," Mrs. A. P. Dodds, Concordia; Ministerial Relief." Mrs. Stewart; "Publication" Miss McIntyre; "Education," Mrs. G. E. Carnahan; "Church Extension" was discussed by Mr. Buchanan and others. Rev. W. R. Cox gave us an instructive talk on the subject of Orphans' Home. Mrs. Norton read an interesting paper on, "Why we should give Thank-offerings." Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Mrs. J. O. Strain, Jamestown; 1st Vice Pres., Mrs. Rev. Currie, Garrison; 2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. Stewart, Clay Center; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Maggie Blackford, Beloit; Cor. Sec., Miss Mate Vannatta, Glen Elder; Treas., Mrs. F. M. Torrens, Idana. In the evening Rev. Cox gave an excellent address on "Opening of the Alabaster Box." A. J. K.

Mrs. Myrtilla Agnew Stewart.

A tribute of love from St. Clair W. M. S. of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., to the memory of Mrs. Myrtilla Agnew Stewart, who fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 27, 1897.

Mrs. Stewart was cheerful, quiet and unassuming; had a mind well stored with useful knowledge; was of a hopeful, humorous disposition, and very entertaining in conversation. One weary with home duties could spend a few minutes with her and come away refreshed in mind and body.

Like the Master, she loved little children, and they, in return, gathered earth's choicest flowers for her table.

Though unable to attend our meetings, she was deeply interested in the work, and contributed freely for the Lord's cause. In the truest sense of the word, "A Mother in Israel." We miss her cordial greeting and motherly counsel.

To her dear ones we tender our sincere sympathy, and commend them to the Saviour whom she loved and trusted. COM.

Mrs. Nancy Kirkland.

A tribute of respect from the L. M. S. of Irwin, Pa., to the memory of Mrs. Nancy Kirkland, who died April 10, 1898.

Another honored member of our society has been taken home, we trust, to dwell in God's house forevermore.

She was the oldest member of our society, being in her 80th year, and was one of God's faithful, trusting ones, having strong faith in the promises of God.

"She being dead yet speaketh," to us all by her cheerful and contented disposition. COM.

Mrs. W. W. Gordon.

The W. M. S. of San Francisco Pres. would offer the following tribute to the memory of Mrs. W. W. Gordon, of Easton, Cal., who was called home Dec. 9, 1897.

We would recognize the hand of a loving Father and be thankful for the good influence of this noble Christian life. By her cheerful disposition, her conscientiousness, earnestness and unselfishness, her devotion to duty, in the family, church and social circle, she ever reflected the character of her Master. Her death is a sore bereavement not only to her nearest and dearest, but to many friends in this Presbytery as well as in Easton congregation, for her Christ-like life endeared her to all and was a constant and eloquent sermon. We resolved to extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing ones and especially to her husband and that we bear her little ones, Raymond and Helen, in the arms of our faith to the Master for protection and blessing, and that they may ever be watched over by the loving Saviour of their mother.

MRS. J. C. LYNN,
MRS. B. B. MCCLELLAN,
MRS. C. C. KYLE. } COM.

Mrs. Maria McCampbell.

We the members of New California, O., Missionary society desire to express our appreciation of one whom God in His providence has called from our work to the "rest that remaineth."

Mrs. Maria McCampbell was the oldest member of our society, its first president, and one who, when health permitted, was present at our meetings. Her great liberality vindicated her love for missions.

Mrs. Campbell was a cheerful, quiet and unassuming Christian, one who will be missed in the home, church and community.

We as a society express our heartfelt sympathy with her aged companion in his loneliness, and also with her sons and daughter, all of whom we commend to him who has promised, "I will not leave you comfortless." COM.

Mrs. Lydia Ray Myrick.

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church of Richmond, Ind., offers the following tribute to the memory of Mrs. Lydia Ray Myrick whose death occurred March 24, 1898, in her 75th year.

In the death of Mother Myrick we have lost a valued friend. We shall miss her cheery word and kind sympathy; we miss her from our midst, for her seat in the Sabbath service, prayermeeting and missionary society was seldom vacant.

By her sweet, beautiful life she endeared herself to all who knew her and was an inspiration to noble living. We mourn that so pure a life has gone from us, that the sweet voice is hushed and that we shall see her face no more, but rejoice that we have her noble influence and worthy example to inspire us.

Truly we can say with one to whom she had been kind. "She is not dead, such a woman *never* dies."

We extend our sympathy to her devoted husband, sister, children and grandchildren, and trust they may have the sweet assurance that "Mother" has but gone before.

MRS. T. W. O. BRAFFET,
MRS. MARY DOWNING;
MRS. J. MCD. HERVEY. } COM.

THE GLEANERS.